THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, January 28, 1804. [No. 65

THE

VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

NO. I.

From Tabby Hall, Sept 29. 1800.

THE rapid transition which we have just experienced from a lovely summer to autumnal gloom, has produced in my mind a chain of serious reflections. The winter of my life seems, with that of the season, to be hastily approaching, and with my books and pen I strive to dispel the cheerless ideas which such a prospect must obtrude upon my imagination; happy to enjoy such resources, of which too many are unhappily deprived.

A residence in the country is generally lamented as affording little amusement or enjoyment; yet I have always found, even in this secluded spot, objects which continually afforded me entertainment and improvement. I have the vanity to say, that I am not naturally censorious; but where conspicuous follies attract observation, the publication of them may be more advantageous than otherwise; and with this expectation only do I employ my time in depicting the foibles of my neighbors. I cannot but confess, I associate with many, for whom I have not the smallest regard; for politeness often obliges us to conform to a line of acting contrary to our inclination: it is nevertheless, necessary for mankind to pay those reciprocal courtesies to each other for the preservation of society, as mutual advantages may be derived from the intercourse. I once thought differently, but the errors of conduct, by which I suffered, have taught me to make proper allowances for the weaknesses of others, and to consider their absurdities or vices but as beacons to guard me from the dangerous coast.

The youngest and only surviving child, out of seven, I was caressed by my father, doated upon by my mother, and admired by every visitor, as a prodigy of beauty and wit; for in my earliest years I possessed a talent of repartee that seemed surprizing. Too much flattered to be humble, and too much loved by my parents to be spared from their sight, genius was left to work its way without education; and the consequence was, that I grew up—pert, vain, and self-willed, yet possessing faculties, which, if properly directed and improved, might have afforded advantage to myself, and satisfaction to my friends. Beauty, fickle jade! proved faithless, and vanished at the sight of the small-pox; and my father was not backward in consoling me for the loss by the most flattering encomiums upon my talents.

Misapplied abilities are often productive of the greatest mischief, and too frequently prove injurious to the possessor:—this was really my case. I read too much of love not to feel, or imagine I felt, its influence at an early age; and I experienced the most severe mortification to find the men in general shun me with vigilance; while illiterate girls, who could make a shirt and a pudding, were caressed, courted, and married. I could do these, also; yet I was neglected by the men, and abused or deceived by the women. My mother, who saw her error, told me, one day, that it was not my *abilities*, but my *consciousness* of them, that created the unpleasant situations which I lamented, and I have little reason to doubt the truth of her observation; yet I have severe cause to lament her want of caution in the early part of my life.—— Dear parents! you lived not to see the whole of the evils your mistaken indulgence brought upon me!

A serious attachment was at length formed between me and a young man of respectable connexions, and tolerable expectations: I loved him with sincerity, and had little reason to doubt his truth. His heart was interested in my welfare, and he admonished me with the tenderness, the sincerity of a brother. Too proud to acknowledge the

conviction I felt, I trifled coquetishly with his feelings, till they were wound up to the highest pitch of irritation; and the toleration which I expected from him I was incapable of affording. His remonstrances were answered by reproaches, till my incorrigible vanity and ill-temper weakened the strong hold I had taken in his heart. In one point only was I right——that affection which I had not merit sufficient to retain, I would never meanly nor hypocritically solicit. Walford left me, entered the army, and the fate of battle deprived me at once of happiness and hope, by taking the life of one, whose memory I must ever cherish with the fondest regret!

What I felt at the time I will not attempt to relate; the romantic bombast of description accords badly with our natural feelings: suffice it, that an entire revolution of my conduct and ideas were occasioned by this melancholy event. The death of my father, soon after, left me independent in respect to pecuniary concerns; and my hand was solicited by a young man, who wanted not worth to recommend him. He knew the state of my mind at the time, but I could not repay his generosity so badly, as to accept him while my heart was estranged.——Celibacy is my destination. I have retired from the metropolis, and with the daughter of an elder sister, who has been, from her fifth month, an orphan, reside in a comfortable little mansion, which I have denominated Tabby Hall, from whence I date this paper; the truth of which, those who recognize me under my assumed title can readily attest.

From the impartial trait which I have already given of my own disposition and propensities, my neighbors will, I fear, expect that my pen will be guided by malevolence; and the general censoriousness of a country town, in great measure, authorizes their suspicions: yet, let me remind them, that, as we breathe upon glass, or any bright substance, to give it additional brightness, so will the pure lustre of intrinsic virtue shine with redoubled brilliancy through the weak breath of false aspersion.

NO. II.

I FINISHED my last paper rather abruptly: the relation of past events produced a few reflections, that, for a while, dispersed my accustomed cheerfulness, and I desired Maria to put away her work, that she might accompany me in a ramble. To this she yielded a ready acquiescence, as, indeed she does to every wish or command of mine; and I think I never beheld a more lovely figure than she presented when tripping down the steps into the lawn which fronts our house. A simple morning dress, white as the unsullied snow, with a large bonnet of the same, was all her adornment, except a shawl of her own embroidery thrown across her shoulders, and the redundancy of her beautiful auburn tresses. She perceived a tear tremble in my eye, and her own were suffused with the radiance of sensibility, while a blush of apprehension glowed upon her cheek, lest I should misinterpret her emotion.—Her mouth dimpled with a smile to cheer me, and every animated feature betrayed a contrariety of passions, occasioned by the most refined feelings.

Maria is not quite sixteen, but her form is perfect and elegant; and her artless affection endears her to me beyond every other charm.

We had scarcely proceeded half a mile down the lane adjoining the Hall, when my only male servant, old Peter, came breathless in pursuit of me, with information,—that a chaise had been overturned before my door, and a gentleman's arm broken; and added, that he was going for Dr. Cerate, the apothecary, and that my presence was indispensably necessary.

Poor Maria trembled. Her gentle spirits are ever shocked by the sufferings of others, and we instantly retraced our steps to the Hall. The gentleman appeared about five-and-twenty. His father, a respectable looking man, was supporting him, with looks of tender anxiety; and a fashionable-looking young woman reclined upon the sofa in a sort of hysteric fit, while my maid administered the necessary restoratives. I was considerably distressed at the scene, and assisted Susan in her care of the lady who soon recovered, and overwhelmed me with well-bred apologies.

Dr. Cerate, who had some years back been a farrier, and who is now reputed to be a famous bone-setter, soon arrived. The lady shrieked at the sight of him (and, to say the truth, his person is not the most delicate for the performance of such tender operations) and profested that her brother would expire under the paws of such a monster! The operator found himself offended; threw his large person into additional extension and desired she would send to London for a surgeon. He then would have left us in our disagreeable situation, had not my Maria hung about him, as if her life had been in his hands, and entreated him to exercise his skill, in despite of the lady's apprehensions. Her rhetoric, and five golden pieces which the old gentleman adroitly placed in his hand, operated so forcibly upon the doctor's feelings, that he protested——Nothing but the natural harmony of his heart, which would not suffer him to leave a fellow-creature in pain, could induce him to stay a moment after such an insult.

After this declaration, we had nothing to do but to leave him to the performance of his professional duty, and we retired to recruit our spirits with a few glasses of wine. I found by further conversation, that the gentleman, whose name is Somerton was coming to take possession of a small estate which he has lately purchased in this neighborhood, and he seems a pleasant intelligent man; and, but for the affected manners of Miss Somerton, I should promise myself some agreeable society in our intercourse with the family.

When Dr. Cerate departed, we returned to the room of the invalid, and found him so much exhausted, that it was highly improper to suffer his removal; and as I offered him the use of my only spare apartment, Mr. Somerton politely entrusted him to my care, and proceeded with his daughter to Rose Bank.

Leonard Somerton has the most engaging countenance that I have seen, and bears his pain and confinement with an astonishing degree of patience. Maria is assiduous to procure him every comfort and accommodation; and tho' I should be sorry to expose the dear girl to dangerous situations, I can never let the warm feelings of her heart be chilled by the cold precepts of formality and affectation: I therefore permit her attendance upon our guest, who seems extremely grateful for every little mark of attention we show to him.

(To be continued)

ESSAY ON PATIENCE.

THE man of a frantic, heated imagination, considers patience as flowing from a meanness of soul, a dastardly disposition, the last resource of cowards. But the man of real sagacity, who can view things through a dispassionate medium, discovers in it all the genuine marks of a noble mind. It is supported by hope, and is entirely unacquainted with every species of despair, the constant companion of the lowness of sentiment. Patience is so strong a barrier against every kind of disgrace, that all our ills lose the greatest part of their power by opposing this virtue to them; it combats all opponents, and every conflict is a victory. It honorably resists the greatest hardships of this world, and sweetens the bitters of adversity in such a manner, that we scarce perceive we are unfortunate. It is one of those virtues that constantly carries its own reward; for the very practice of it makes us sensible of its benefits. The emperor M. Aurelius often said, that Cæsar acquired the empire by the sword, Augustus by inheritance, Caligula by the merits of his father, Nero by tyranny, Titus by having vanquished Judea, but for his part, though of low extraction, he had obtained it by patience.

Whatever crosses and misfortunes we meet with, and however heavy their burden, they cannot overwhelm us whilst we are not abandoned by patience: on the contrary, they become proportionably lightened as we resolutely exercise this virtue. As every thing in nature has its contrast, so patience is the opposite to despair; wherefore the Christians consider it as an heavenly grace, and the philosophers of antiquity pronounced it the last efforts of a firm and generous soul. It is very nearly allied to courage, which cannot shine without opponents; in like manner this virtue disappears as soon as misfortunes desert us. Patience is the most generous of all friends, never appearing in prosperity; but when our miseries attain a pitch that threatens all our future happiness, she never fails to offer her assistance to those really inclined to avail themselves of her kindness. Patience is the birthright of the wise, an inheritance precluded from fools, who are never the architects of their own good fortune, but frequently of their own misery.

REFLECTIONS ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN.

GIRLS should be accustomed to more precaution and prudence than boys, and their prudence ought to be the result of the experience of others. In them the least imprudence has often been the cause of the most dreadful consequences, as they have no resource upon which to draw for the reparation of their errors. A woman generally risques less by not acting, than by deciding with precipitation; her prudence, therefore, should be more circumspect than that of men; and the apothegm of the oriental monarch is singularly applicable to the sex.*

The most trifling things which might render young women confident in their fortune should be avoided; they ought to be taught never to rely upon their prudence, and never to expect that chance will serve them. Another essential part of the prudence of the sex is an indifference to argumentative conversation. They who fail in this quality, and are not mistresses of themselves in company, often make a dangerous or disagreeable use of their understanding: every thing connected with disputation sits awkwardly upon them. We find that Calphurnia, who pleaded causes in person before the Roman Senate, grew so peevish and tiresome, that her example was the cause of a law to prohibit women from pleading in person.

In all matters of taste, in all cases where they are called upon to choose and select, young women should be encouraged to reason upon their sentiments. It has been said by some, that taste never reasons; this maxim is as pernicious as it is false. If young women would reason a little more upon their preferences and their aversions, we should see fewer affairs of gallantry, and more marriages of inclination. Parents must not expect that their daughters will learn to reason by inspiration, and at the very moment when they shall be put to the proof. Their prudence ought to be early formed and acquired; for the decisions the most important to the happiness of a woman through her whole life are frequently made at an age when even men are far from being yet called to similar proofs.

Economy is a virtue highly essential to women, and the contrary fault often owes its origin to too much indulgence in the fancies of the toilette. The habit of expending large sums upon gewgaws becomes frequently so strong, as to produce pecuniary distress through their whole lives.—When the celebrated Cuzzona, reduced to extreme poverty, received three hundred and fifty livres sterling, the amount of a subscription made by her former admirers, she immediately set apart two hundred livres of it for the purchase of fashionable bonnets. It is for mothers to instruct their daughters, by example, to prefer what is durable and useful to what has only the merit of fancy, and owes all its value to whim and caprice.

It is not only in the use of her money a young lady's economy should be exercised; it finds an habitual application in the care which she takes of the articles of her toilette: this care is a most important part of her education. A young lady should be charged with the support of her wardrobe, and keeping every thing belonging to it in order: when she fails in it, she suffers the consequences. This is the natural punishment for such negligence, and no other should be inflicted. As order is the basis of economy, young women should be indulged with all the conveniencies which facilitate it: they should have all their little utensils, and a sufficient and commodious place in which to keep them arranged. In general, the first habits have an astonishing influence upon this point, as on every other. It is of more importance than one would think to accustom young women to be careful of their apparel, and not to despise even their old clothes. We have heard of a nobleman, who had these words written upon the door of his kitchen:——"*Sufficient, but not too much.*"—Such should be the device of those wealthy parents who have it at heart to form their children to the practice of a prudent economy.

* "Do not undertake any thing of which you have not well examined all the consequences."

ARABIAN TALES.

THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING UGLY.

From the Portuguese of M. D'Oliviera.

A GIRL was on the point of being hanged at *Vienna en Autriche*. Her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle aged man, but excessively ugly. As he had but a few moments to make up his mind, he ran immediately to the place of execution, and, declaring his intention to marry the criminal, demanded her pardon. According to the custom of the country, the pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. He accordingly addressed her in these terms, Madame, I am a gentleman of some property, and I now wish, for the first time, that I were a king, only that I might afford you a stronger proof of my attachment.—Alas, Sir! replied the girl, I am thoroughly sensible of your affection and generosity; but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I cannot belie my sentiments. Unfortunately they control my fate, and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying so ugly a fellow as you are. The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

We sometimes see faces remarkably ugly and disagreeable, without being absolutely frightful. Such faces, however, are almost as rare as perfect beauty, if we confine ourselves to the people of Europe; but among the Jews and Greeks they occur constantly. There is a Jew in London, whom I do not chuse to name, who is so consummately ugly, that I am sure nobody could meet him without knowing he is the man I allude to. Don Pierre Henriquez,* was, perhaps, the ugliest Portuguese I ever saw. He did himself the justice to say, that he was a perfect original in this respect. I have looked every where, said he, for a man who exceeds me in ugliness; but I never yet could meet with one. He was a gay jovial fellow, and bore the reputation of being a wag. We were passing one day through the village of Carvalhal, where a celebrated crucifix is fixed up in the church; one of the most ancient, and, at the same time, one of the *worst made* images that was ever seen. We went to pay our devotions to it. Henriques having looked at this image a long time, suddenly cried out, while still on his knees, Francis, I have found my man; say nothing of this, I beg, to any creature living, but confess honestly that this crucifix is a great deal uglier than I am. It is related of a monk of St. Bernard, that when he first saw this same image, he said, "That beast there absolutely frightens one."† Henriques, before he set off for the Indies, on his majesty's service, said to me, "If I see in Asia an uglier fellow than myself, I will be sure to send you word; but for an uglier *Christ* than that at Carvalhal, I am persuaded that, neither I, nor any body else, will meet with one in any quarter of the globe."

Another gentleman, nearly as ugly as Henriques, fell in love with a very sprightly young lady, who was afraid of saying how much she disliked him. She nevertheless hit upon a method to discourage him, and rid herself of his addresses. She begged of him one day to favor her with his picture, and to sit to an artist of her own choice. Glad of an opportunity of obliging his mistress he readily consented, and repaired to the place appointed, without any delay; but what was his surprise, when he perceived that the painter, having traced upon the canvas the figure of the devil, was proceeding to fill up the outline with a likeness of himself. "What the duce are you about," he exclaimed to the painter. "I am going to paint the devil," replies the artist. "And why so," returned the other. The painter informed him, that it was at the particular request of the lady who bespoke it, and who told him that she would not pay for the picture, unless it was done exactly after the model of a man's face whom she would send for that purpose. The gentleman, now fully understanding the joke, took his leave of the painter and his mistress at the same time. This story has been circulated at Lisbon for thirty years, as an undoubted fact. A Frenchman has since told me that it happened at Paris, and an Italian assures me that it occurred at Rome. There are a number of these little anecdotes, the origin of which we can never discover, several nations claiming the merit of their production, and contesting the point with as much warmth as the seven cities of Greece disputed the honor of having given birth to Homer.

* Son of Don Henry Henriques D'Arroyos.

† Although the brothers of the order positively deny this fact, every child is acquainted with the story, which has found its way all over Portugal.

FILIAL PIETY REWARDED.

The following little history is related by an ingenious and polite foreign author, who asserts the truth of it, and that the parties are still living in France.

IN a great sea-port, in one of the most distant provinces of France, there lived a merchant, who had carried on a trade with equal honor and prosperity, till he was turned of fifty years of age; and then, by a sudden series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, found himself unable to comply with his engagements; and his wife and children, in whom he placed his principal happiness, reduced to such a situation as doubled his distress.

His sole resource, in this sad situation, was the reflection, that, upon the strictest review of his own conduct, nothing either of iniquity or imprudence appeared. He thought it best, therefore, to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true state of his affairs before his creditors, that, being convinced of his honesty, they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was kindly received by some, and very civilly by all, from whence he conceived great hopes, which he communicated to his family. But these were speedily dashed by the cruelty of his principal creditor, who caused him to be seized and sent to a jail.

As soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, his eldest son, who was turned of nineteen, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of his obdurate creditor, to whom he painted the distress of his family in the most pathetic terms, but without effect. At length, in the greatest agony of mind, he said, "Sir, since you think nothing can compensate for your loss but a victim, let your resentment devolve upon me; let me suffer instead of my father; and the miseries of a prison will seem light in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distracted and dejected family that I have left behind me. Thus, sir, you will satisfy your vengeance, without sealing their irretrievable ruin." And there his tears and sighs stopped his utterance.

His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees, in this condition, for a full quarter of an hour. He then sternly bade him rise, and sit down, which he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from one corner of the room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length, throwing his arms about the young man's neck, "I find," said he, "there is yet something more valuable than money: I have an only daughter, for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety.—I am resolved to fix it.—In marrying you she must be happy.—Go, carry your father's discharge, ask his consent, bring him instantly hither, and let us bury, in the joy of this alliance, all remembrance of what has formerly happened." Thus the generous gratitude of the son relieved the calamity of the worthy father. The man who had considered wealth and happiness as synonymous terms, was freed from that error: and Providence vindicated the manner of its proceeding, by thus bringing light out of darkness; and, through a short scene of misery, rewarded a virtuous family with lasting peace, in the enjoyment of that prosperity which they so well deserved.

EFFECTS OF VANITY.

From the writings of the "Old Woman."

LOUISA Melville, before she reached the age of sixteen, was universally allowed to be one of the prettiest girls in the town in which her family resided, and she was equally admired for mental endowments, as for personal charms. Though neither born to rank nor affluence, her education was not neglected; but nature, and her own assiduity, did more for her than her parents or instructors. She made the best use of the few advantages she possessed, and, by application, was soon qualified to outstrip every rival and competitor. When nineteen, she had acquired such a stock of general knowledge, and improved herself by reading with so much success, that to her own sex she became the object of envy, as she was of admiration to the other. She was sprightly in conversation, but prudent in deportment: her affability and good sense were even more attractive than her beauty: and happy was the man who could engage her attention, and who possessed himself sufficient taste and sentiment to relish that refinement and delicacy which shone forth in all that she said or did.

Conscious that her society gave pleasure, and perhaps, inspired with a youthful vanity of making conquests, by degrees she enlarged the circle of her male acquaintances; and by the time she was one-and-twenty, almost every hour of her time was filled up by calls from the frivolous or the idle, who were pleased to trifle away their heavy moments in converse with youth, innocence and beauty. One or two young gentlemen, who were her superiors in rank and fortune, there was every reason to suppose, were sighing to obtain her exclusive regard; but when they would have poured out their heart before her, they found her engaged in conversation with those who had no object beyond killing a leisure hour in agreeable company, and whose vanity was flattered by the easiness with which they procured access, and the gaiety and freedom of Louisa's conversation on every subject that was accidentally started.

There is a delicacy in real regard that shrinks from public observation; and a nice sense of propriety, that leads the genuine lover to imagine his mistress is polluted, by indiscriminate conversation with every person who solicits her attention. Perhaps those who admired and esteemed Louisa Melville with the greatest degree of fervor, were, for this very reason, the least entertaining to a young lady of her disposition. Amidst such a croud of visitants, while every tongue poured forth its adulation, and every eye sparkled with pleasure at her sight, she vainly imagined it would be no difficult matter to find a lover whenever she pleased. Flattered with the general homage paid to her beauty and her wit, she seemed to have neither time nor inclination for particular selection; and, with a heart strictly virtuous and disengaged, she gradually began to find, that though every one courted her society, no one in earnest made her those professions of partial love which are so agreeable to a female ear. She opened her eyes to her folly; but it was now too late; and, with the consciousness of innocence, which, indeed, had never been impeached, except by the envious prudes of her own sex, she discovered that the compliments she received from the gentlemen, were now rather the offspring of gallantry than of sentiment: and that her character was rendered suspected, solely by the very open and unguarded ease with which she had suffered herself to be addressed.

Though her vanity, and even her feelings, were deeply wounded by this reflection, she found it difficult to alter her behavior. If she denied herself to those who used to lounge away their mornings in her company, it was immediately concluded that she was privately engaged; if she admitted her usual visitants, it was only to be mortified with a repetition of the same fulsome unmeaning adulation which had been so long paid to her without producing any declaration or partial attachment. Without a disposition for reserve, she imposed restraints on her words and looks, which were only interpreted to her disadvantage. She was alternately gay and distant; and sensible that she had been injuring both her prospects and her character by indiscriminate familiarity, she took every method, which delicacy would allow, to emancipate herself from the mere flatterers of her vanity, and to draw out the real sentiments of such as she hoped, or wished, might be inspired with tender sentiments towards her. Her conversation, which used to be full of freedom and vivacity, now turned on subjects which might lead her apparent admirers to explain themselves: but, instead of succeeding in her aims, the majority finding she was no longer inclined to amuse them when they had nothing else to do but talk nonsense, dropt off, and sought some more inexperienced female, who would be pleased with general compliments; and the rest could not help observing to each other, that Louisa Melville was now fishing for a husband, and that they must be on their guard.

Thus at the age of twenty-five, after being for six years the object of general attraction, her levees became deserted by all who had crowded them before; and she was obliged to retire to the house of a relation in a distant part of the kingdom, to avoid the triumphant malice of her own sex, and the sneers of such as had only flattered her to deceive. She had not been long in this situation before a lover appeared; but as prudence required that he should acquaint himself with her previous life and conversation, enquiries only excited his suspicion; and though no evidence

could be produced, because none existed, that her person was not pure, it was concluded, and perhaps on just grounds, that the mind which had been accustomed to such a promiscuous society, could not escape being tainted. We look at the garden flower with pleasure, but we have little desire to make it our own; but if by chance we find the same blooming in the secret shade, we fancy its odours are sweeter, and we fondly transplant it into our borders. It is thus with genuine love: interest and policy may induce men to overlook the previous conduct of those with whom they connect themselves, if it has not been marked by flagrant violations of decorum; but a generous attachment can only spring from a conviction of unsullied worth, and of a heart that has admitted no former impression. It is commonly supposed, that in the bosom which has once tenderly, truly loved, the enthusiasm of affection can never be a second time renewed; and though the new admirer of Louisa Melville could gain no certain evidence that her heart had ever been really engaged, his vanity could not reach such a pitch, as to make him forget, that of the numbers who had solicited her notice, some might, in all probability, have been more likely to make an impression than himself.

Others, who admired her person and manners, probably felt and reasoned in the same manner; and she returned to her native place without making, or at least fixing, a conquest. Reiterated instances of neglect, disappointment, and vexation, preying on a heart of sensibility, and, aggravated by the reflection, that the vanity of studying to be universally admired, instead of being individually loved, had been the source of her misfortunes, threw her into a slow fever. Her bloom faded, the roses left her cheek; and had she not felt resources within herself, and mustered all her resolution to recover some share of the composure she had lost, it is probable she would have sunk into an untimely grave. By slow degrees, however, she regained her health, and her beauty returned to nearly its former lustre; but younger competitors for admiration had arisen, and she was now only talked of as a girl that had once been pleasing; while those who had most sedulously furnished fuel to her vanity, were the first to condemn it, and to join in ridiculing the folly of her past conduct.

To withdraw from the public eye, when the public is no longer disposed to favor, is no difficult task. Louisa in a manner secluded herself from the world, and was seen only by those who were allied to her by blood, or by a generous sympathy. In this situation, she was addressed by a gentleman, who, in the height of her popularity, would have experienced only ridicule or disdain. Wearied of her unprotected state, she listened to his proposals, though a stranger, and unknown. Suffice it to say, they were speedily united; but in less than twelve months he deserted her and an infant daughter; and, to the inexpressible anguish of the unhappy woman, it was found that the villain had another wife, and a large family, whom he had previously abandoned, residing in Ireland.

From the fate of Louisa Melville, let others learn to shun the rock on which she split. Vanity, when once thoroughly mortified, will stoop to any thing; and the winding up of her fortune was only a natural result of the path she had pursued, which regularly conducted to it.

ON ADDICTING CHILDREN TO HABITS OF INDUSTRY.

ONE striking feature in the political complexion of the Dutch republic is, that the children of both sexes are, from the moment of the earliest capability, initiated in some line of industrious avocation among them. Solon and Lycurgus could not have chalked out a wiser line for the service of the Grecian States. It was an opinion with Alexander the Great that boys nurtured and brought up in the camp, were ever after fond of arms—and practice gave sanction to the theory. It holds equally good, that children, early trained up to industry, ever incline to it in maturity, —for, in the language of the poet, "it grows with their growth, and strengthens with strength." To our countrymen, we hope the application is evident. If they accustom their little ones to honest employments, (such as will suit their years, constitutions and choices) they will thereby render them virtuous and independent citizens, a credit to themselves, and an ornament to society. The consequences of a different conduct are evident.

FEMALE CONSTANCY; OR, THE EFFECTS OF POETRY.

[*From a Paris Paper.*]

POETRY or Music;—which of the two possesses the most powerful influence on man?——It is difficult to decide upon the superiority of either. It is known what prodigies were wrought by the latter under the fingers of Orpheus and Amphion, and the powerful effects which it produced through the organ of Tyrtæus. Neither are the vast projects to which the poetry of Homer incited the young King of Macedon forgotten.——The following anecdote of an occurrence last summer, proves the influence of the beautiful poems of Tasso, the Homer of Italy.

A young lady, from the neighborhood of Alexandria, belonging to a family of distinction, had devoted herself to the study of Tasso, whose "Jerusalem Delivered" she had entirely by heart. Such was her taste for this Poet, and so far had she identified herself with his heroines, that she alternately believed herself to be Sophronia braving the fury of Aladius; Clorinda contending with Tancred; or Herminia penetrating, during the night, the camp of the Christians. She regarded these adventures as natural, and was disposed to imitate them.

An opportunity soon occurred: the Italian hearkens to the addresses of a young gentleman, who is extremely anxious to marry her, but whose father, from motives of interest, opposes his wishes. The young man obliged to yield to the will of his father, a friend to the French party, enters into the service, and joins the army of reserve, after leaving a farewel letter to his mistress. The father intercepts the letter. The young lady, hearing of the departure of her lover without receiving one line of consolation from him, considers herself as neglected. The idea of not being loved afflicts her heart, and troubles her understanding: she consults the heroines of Tasso. What would the tender Herminia have done —thus abandoned? She would have followed her unfeeling lover to the army; she would have lavished her own days to save those of the ingrate, and to convince him of the truth of her passion; such is the part she determines on taking. She wins over an old servant of

the family; sets out with him; purchases a hussar coat at the next town; goes straight to the French camp; shows her brother's papers, which she had taken out of his portfolio; joins the croud of Italians who came to the army of the Republic; and, under her brother's name, gains a flattering reception.

Confounded with the crowd of soldiers, she contemplates her lover; follows him every where with her eyes, and believes herself far from his thoughts, when she sees him joining in the pleasures of the other officers, and preparing for the great battle which was fought a few days after on the plains of Marengo.

This girl, actually believing herself to be Clorinda, appeared determined to to join in the combat, for she belonged to a detatchment commanded by her lover himself, and charged with the defence of a post on the side of Villa-Delfaro; but her brother, having traced her to the army, came on the following morning to reclaim his sister and the papers, on the faith of which she had been enrolled. The father was so much touched with this extraordinary display of love, that he gave his consent to the marriage.

HINTS TO SECONDS IN DUELS.

WITH a little water you must make some gunpowder into a fine paste, then roll it into balls, dry them, and rub them over with a pencil, to give them the appearance of lead; these you must substitute for those brought by your principals: remember, in ramming them down to break them into dust. You should also take an opportunity of giving the hat of one of the combatants a hard pinch with a bullet-mould. After the parties have fired, which will have been, as is the custom, together, you must show the mark, and swear you saw the bullet strike; and, with great warmth, insist upon it that the wearer must not only have heard the ball, but also have felt his hat shake. You must not allow him to deny it; if he should at first, which is very improbable, he will not do so long. The writer of this having practised it more than once with a happy success, he now recommends it to those gentlemen who may be engaged to see their friends fight, and do not wish to commit murder.

ANECDOTES.

GREAT effects sometimes proceed from little causes.—Being an ardent admirer of the ladies myself, I am of opinion, that men of rank should therefore hesitate before they adopt a fashion which may render them unpleasant in the eyes of the ladies, whose influence in society is beyond all things powerful.—Obedient to the injunctions of his clergy, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair short—Eleanor his queen considered him thus metamorphosed, very contemptible, and to revenge herself became something more than a coquette—The King obtained a divorce, and Eleanor married the Count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne.—She gave him for his marriage dower, the fertile plains of Poitou and Guienne, and this was the origin of those wars, which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the nation three millions of men, all which probably had never taken place if Louis the Seventh had not been so rash as to crop his hair, and thus disgust the fair Eleanor.

A Spaniard and a Gascon met together at the same inn in France, and both ordered suppers; the hostess told them she had a nice piece of mutton and a partridge. Each wished to have the latter dish, which was just ready for table. As they were on the point of quarrelling, the hostess, to reconcile them, told them, as she really had but one partridge, unless they agreed to eat together, there was no way to content them; but if you will take my advice, added she, do without it to-night, and to-morrow morning he who has had the finest dream shall be entitled to it; in the mean time, you may make an excellent repast on mutton and sallad. The plan was agreed to; the parties supped, and went to bed.—The Gascon, however, had watched where the partridge was put, got up in the night, and eat it. The Spaniard passed the night in fabricating a fine dream, for the next day. When they met in the morning, the Spaniard hastened to inform the hostess that he had had a magnificent dream, having seen the heavens opened, and been received by the angelic choir in the realms of glory. You could not, said he to the other, have had a finer dream.——I saw you enter Paradise, answered the Gascon, and as I concluded you would never return, I eat the partridge.

During the last war in Germany, there was an officer much more distinguished for his execution at table than any in the field. Whenever any thing scarce or nice was brought to dinner, it was with difficulty his brother officers could partake. Finding all hints of his ill-manners ineffectual, they had recourse to the following scheme. It being a custom with the officer, on account of the weather, to dine bald-headed; one day, when a fine turtle was brought to table, the company procured a black boy, who usually attended behind his chair, to strew a little pounded sugar now and then upon the crown of his head, which presently caking by means of the sun, the flies came in swarms to feed on it, and gave him continual employment, for as soon as he had buffeted them away, the plaguy insects returned again to their luscious banquet. This witty device was practised with the desired success till the end of the campaign.

Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's, one of them only got out, and the coach stood across the pathway which some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little: the fellow was surly and refused: the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach door, and with boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of the *lady within*, as well as the *lady without*. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed, that "if this was a *thoroughfare*, they had as much right to it as the gemmen;" and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.

APHORISMS.

Honor is a commercial virtue; it multiplies and reproduces itself, in proportion as it is practised.

Avarice is criminal poverty.

Jealousy is the fever of love.

Pliny says, that the face is the silent echo of our heart.

A SONG FOR SEVENTY.

FROM ANDERSON'S RECREATION.

I TOLD you MARY, told you true,
If love to favor had a claim,
That all its wishes warm'd my breast,
And you were still the constant theme;
I told you then, if mine you were,
The pride of rank you must forego,
And all the pomp of dress resign,
For wealth I had not to bestow;
And, MARY, thou didst not reprove,
But bade me hope, and bade me love.

O, MARY! on thy lovely neck
The diamond shone with sweeten'd glance,
And graceful was the silken robe
That mark'd thy motions in the dance;
And joyous were the pompous crowd
Thy birth entitled thee to join;
Yet pomp, and wealth, and friends, you left,
To be acknowledg'd MARY mine;
Thou, lovely, didst not my suit approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love.

'Tis long now, MARY, since we met:
Stiff are my joints, and hoar my hair;
Ev'n *your* cheek, too, the wrinkles mark,
And yet, my love, your'e wond'rous fair;
And were the wrinkles stronger still,
While accents cheerful grac'd your tongue,
How could I think, but on those smiles
And accents that adorn'd thee young:
When thou, love, didst my suit approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love?

How often, MARY, has my heart
With secret rapture beat thy praise!
While on your breast our infants hung
I mark'd their mother's tender gaze;
And still my love, thy *Lad* is proud,
Old as he is he's proud to see
The *younkers*, anxious for thy love,
Come fondling round their gran'am's knee:
O! bless the day you did approve,
And bade me hope, and bade me love!

O MARY! much I owe thy care,
Life's best of blessings still you gave:
But now our various duties past,
Our nearest prospect is the grave:
Yet, conscious of a virtuous life
We shrink not from the solemn scene
Sigh, sigh we must that we shall part,
But soon, my love, we'll meet again,
Where endless pleasures we shall prove,
Nor ever, ever cease to love.

HOME;

OR, THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE.

WHEN evening flings her dusky shade,
O'er days departing close;
When labor drops the *pen* or *spade*,
For pleasure or repose.

With hasty step, and gladsome heart,
I seek my much lov'd home;
A cot that boasts no builder's art,
An unaspiring dome.

Yet there the virtues with their train
Of social joys resort;
There health, and peace, and freedom reign,
Fair exiles from a court.

When heard the scrapings of my feet,
What transports stir within!
Affection pipes her welcomes sweet,
A pleasing, tuneful din.

My children fly to share my kiss,
A little artless group!
There centered is a mother's bliss,
And all a father's hope.

My roving partner, in her turn,
Anticipates desire;
And oft, as if it would not burn,
She trims the blazing fire.

Officiously she now displays
The dish and cleanly platter,
And when excuse for aught she prays,
Contentment cries "*no matter.*"

Thus round my soul endearment twines,
With stronger, faster hold;
Yes, Hymen's lamp still brighter shines,
And charms still new unfold.

As thus connubial pleasures rise,
To gild, my dear abode,
To heaven I lift my grateful eyes,
And thank a bounteous GOD.

HARRY HORACE.

EPIGRAM.

SIR, you are prudent, good, and wise;
I own, I thank you from my heart,
And much approve what you advise;
But let me think—before I start.
For folks well able to discern,
Who know what 'tis to take a wife,
Say 'tis a case of such concern,
A man should think on't all his life.

J. B.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—

A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sachem, long may he live."

Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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